they heaue ye stoole on stoole, and fling manie potlids
like massie rocks, dart ladles, tosting irons
& tongs like thunderbolts, till ouerlaid
they fall beneath the waight, yet still aspiring
at those impirious codsheads, that would tame 'em:
there's nere a one of these, the worst, and weakest,
(choose where you will) but dare attempt the raysing
against the soueraigne peace of Puritans
a may-pole, or a moris, maugre mainely
their zeales, and dudgeon daggers, and yet more
dares plant a stand of battring ale against 'em
and drink 'em out ath parish.

Pedro. There's one first brought in the beares against
the cannons of two church-wardens, made it good
and fought 'em, in the church yard after euen song.

Jaques. Another to her euerlasting fame erected
2 alehouses of ease, the quarter sessions
running against her roundly, in which busines
2 of the disanullers lost their night caps,
a third stood excomunicate by the cudgell,
the constable to her eternall glorie
drunk hard, and was conuerted, and shee victor.

Sopho: Lo ye fierce Petruchio
this comes of your impatience.

Petru. Come to counsell.

Sopho. Now ye must grant conditions, or the kingdome
will haue no other talke but this.

Petron. Away then,
and let's aduise the best.

Sopho. Why doe you tremble

Moro. Haue I liu'd thus long to be knockt ath head

with

with halfe a washing beetell, pray be wise Sir.

Petru. Come something I'le doe,
but what it is I know not

Sopho. To counsell then, and let's auoid these follies,
guard all the doores, or we shall not haue a cloake left. — Exeunt.

Enter 3 Country wenches at seuerall doores.

1. How goes your busines girles?

II. A foot and faire

III. If fortune fauour vs, away to your strengths
we are discou'rd els.

1. The country forces are arriu'd, begone.

II. Arme and be valliant, thinke of our cause.

III. Our Justice 1: 1: 1: 'tis sufficient. — Exeunt.

Enter Petronius, Petruchio. Moroso, Sophocles, Tranio.

Petron. I am indifferent, though I must confesse
I had rather see her carted.

Tran. No more of that Sir,

Sop. Are ye resolued to giue her faire conditions?
'twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted,
Would I had run my head into a halter
when I first woo'd her; if I offer peace
shee'l vrge her owne conditions; there's the deuill.

Sopho. They say she doe,

Petru. Say I am made an asse then,
I know her aime, may I with reputation
(answere me this) with safetie of mine honor,
(after the mightie manadge of my first wife)
wch was indeed a furie to this filly
after my 12. strong labours to reclaime her,

which.